

The Great Way to Salvation

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OUR FOREIGN LEADERS.

COMMISSIONER FRANK SMITH, OF THE STATES.

No. VI.

BEING born and brought up in London, which might be termed the Devil's headquarters on earth, it is hardly to be wondered at that I, like the generality of its natives, learned early to choose the devilish and the bad, and learned to do things opposite to what they should be done.

When a youngster I much preferred getting into the house over the area railings rather than by the street door; riding horseback for a neighbouring chaise in preference to going to school; in fact, mischief was my delight. Anything happening in the locality, the first thing asked would be, "If I was there?" "Dick Turpin," and all other such soul-contaminating, flesh-worshipping companions.

TRAINING FOR THE STAGE.

Educational accomplishments did not charm me, although favoured with parents who kept me at my books long after boys generally start life.

As I grew so the devil's grip tightened and I scarcely a night passed without finding me homebound from some public-house, sing-song, music hall, theatre, or some such devil's den.

Here was a school I soon graduated in. My soul was fired to take to the stage as a profession. I tried in different branches as a singer, and also as an acrobat, appearing many times in public at different halls. Then I tried the Music Hall profession, and filling in the other portion of my time working at some other half-dozen different trades and occupations, which all tended in the direction of sending my soul hellward, and causing many a cloud and contention in my home. Thank God those days are all past. Thinking that amongst strangers, and away from all restraints, I could have my fling better, I went off one Sunday to Aldershot, where I remained several days, trying hard to be enlisted as a soldier. To my disgust I had to return to town rejected. I see why now. God had got a commission in a better regiment. **Widdiwh!** Among the many things I then God for it is one, that I was not big enough around the chest that morning. On my return I blacked my face, causing my heart to beat still blacker, dancing and singing for the devil with all my might.

NARROW ESCAPES.

All this time God was speaking very powerfully to me in various ways, by several narrow escapes of my life, once as one of an ungaily four-cared boat's crew on one occasion the side being stove in off Leamouth bridge, all our powers being necessary to pull ashore to save us all from drowning; another time the boat narrowly going by being cut in half off Cannon street. These were forgotten as soon as they passed, as were two slips while crossing the Thames, once through taking a leap

and a swing head downwards, being held by another, also hanging, my head swinging within an inch of the boards. Another time falling from a bar, one of my feet being injured.

Then I took to running, but thank God, there came a time when my running hellwards was drawing to a close. The first thing that moved me was the death of one in the family, which, coupled with the persistent efforts of one who is now my wife, caused me to do what so many thousands do, try to knock off the outward sin, while the source of it all, the heart, was as black as ever.

which I sought to take to others. I listened to sermons, tramped anywhere and everywhere to hear this and that preacher, till my life became a misery; the only wonder to me now is that I did not throw the whole affair overboard, and take to a life of open and terrible sin.

But thank God! deliverance was at hand. One night, between seven and eight years ago, while on my way to hear someone preach, I was led into a little hall in Chelsea by a curious announcement that a man and his wife would talk and sing for God.

Here a work had just been started

Brannell Booth led it. Many a night I had spent for the devil in dance, etc., but to spend an All-night in prayer was what I had neither seen or heard of before.

Talk about Heaven below, which indeed and measure remains it will never be effaced. The devil quailed indeed that night. I surrendered all to God, only those who have been blessed in like manner can know, words fail; if this was the peace God gave, no more devil's way for me.

CHILSEA PRISON.

Chelsea, where I had served the devil, and where most of my ungaily companions lived, became the scene of conflict and victory for God. There a band of devoted men and women sprang up, and hundreds will have to thank God, myself among the number, for the devoted few. Thank God, its borders have enlarged, its ranks swell, having been drafted into The Salvation Army and become one of its Corps.

At Notting Hill and Battersea I fought away; God in the meantime had given me a business that enabled me to spend time in the field, and though many predicted failure and ruin commercially, bless God the last year was the best. The General, suddenly called me to the field. Never shall I forget as I stood facing him on Monday, October 9th, 1881, at Headquarters, in answer to a note received that afternoon, his asking me if I was prepared to give up all and go in for God.

It was my soul's desire, and before that day week, without any previous warning, I had given up my business and spent two days in Liverpool battling for God.

LIVERPOOL THUNDERBOLT.

In an old, dirty, dark climp, seating about two thousand people, I found the first night about thirteen, but a small band of Soldiers hardened by persecution, who had thrown themselves back on God, in their last extremity, received me. Thank God, any doubt as to my being in my right place was here for ever removed.

If I was called of God, the work must be a success. I put God to the test, and, bless His name! the work revived, numbers increased, till the thirteen grew to a many hundreds.

From Liverpool I went to take command of Bristol Corps, where upwards of 2,000 souls professed to find Salvation.

After the General's visit to Bristol, Captain Grant Smith was speedily summoned to Headquarters, where he received the unexpected intelligence that he was promoted to take charge of the London Division. This news was even more startling to the subject of our sketch than was that of his appointment as an Officer in The Salvation Army.

How he succeeded in London and won the love of his Officers; how he occupied the "Eagle" and converted the Corps of the London Division, are facts well known to our readers. Looking back to Friday night, October 24th, 1884, we find it was a time which will be ever remembered in the annals of The Salvation Army. The Corps in the United States of America.

Continued on page 121



COMMISSIONER FRANK SMITH.

This meant that life got a burden, and things that I used to do openly now I did under cover, when a chance showed itself. The next step accomplished by her was to get me to chapel.

TRIES TO SAVE HIMSELF.

For weeks after I made fun of the preaching, but I went again and again, and then I began a work in myself that is as sure a way to hell as open sin, moral reformation, which only meant that, as the temptation presented itself, I fell beneath its power.

Then I actually sought to bring peace to my hellish soul by letting me to see if

on Salvation Army lines, and, in a moment, my heart jumped for joy, for after all there was a religion of enjoyment of continual happiness; not the long-agoed monotonous half-convert sinning and repenting, but the work on a week day, and an imitation of godliness on a Sunday. No, no! but a real every day in the week, all-the-year-round religion that filled the soul and made life a pleasure.

PULLEY DROPPED BY AN ANGEL-WING.

A few weeks after I had dropped into Little Danyer Hall, an All-night Prayer had been arranged at E. Kinney, to which I, with others, went. Mr.

ter death, until it becomes a complete spiritual iceberg.

To man's eyes, indeed, the branch is still retain some of its green leaves on it; but it seldom now strikes a blossom, and never, never bears a grape. Meanwhile, as spiritual joy declines, the love of fleshly ease and worldly comfort increases, for there is nothing else to befall the supple heart but to decay. It is to be a burden, is quietly laid down, and the pilgrim spirit of self-denial is completely abandoned.

Comradre, this is what Satan aims with you, and with me, when he tempts us to rest in his slobber's saddle. Do you know any reason why I should not get it accomplished in my case as well as in the case of thousands and tens of thousands around

Sleep in the midst of battle! Sleep, when the whole world is sleeping around it! Nay, nay, let us arouse each other by our urgent exhortations, and press to fight the good fight of faith, and endure hardness as good Soldiers of Jesus Christ.

morning.
 " You to sell twice as many
 War Cans this week as you
 did last.
 " Those who have not read

and as it is with love and prayer,
is it with all the manifestations of

10

